

## The Story Teller.

### What Came of a Valentine.

On the evening of the 13th of February, 1850, two young men sat in a comfortably furnished room in a large New York boarding house. A bright fire glowed in the grate, and a bright light was diffused about the room from an Argand burner.

Let me introduce the occupants of the apartment as Tom Stacy and John Wilbur, young men of twenty-five or thereabouts, who were known in business circles as Stacy & Wilbur, retail dry goods dealers, No. 10, Broadway, they had not been doing business long, but were already doing unusually well. They had taken apartments together, one of which is now presented to the reader.

Has it occurred to you, Wilbur, asked his partner, removing his cigar and knocking away the ash, to-morrow is St. Valentine's day?

Yes, I thought of it this afternoon, as I was walking up from the store.

So did I, and to some purpose too, as I will show you.

Tom Stacy went to a drawer and drew out a gorgeous valentine, an elaborate combination of hearts, doves, &c.

What do you think I gave for that, he asked.

I don't know, I'm sure. It appears to be very elegant.

It cost me ten dollars.

Where! Wilbur. It strikes me you are either very extravagant or very devoted. May I know what it is?

To be sure, I will tell you. It is a valentine.

That's my secret, said Tom laughing. I don't mind telling you, however. It's to go to Edith Castleton.

I presume you feel particularly interested in the young lady?

Not at all. But I told her I would send her a valentine, *de la valente*. She conformed to the custom of the day?

I had not thought of it, said John thoughtfully, but I believe I will.

And what fair lady will you select as the recipient?

Remember the poor seamstress who occupies an attic in the house?

Yes, I have met her on the stairs two or three times.

She looks as if times were hard with her. I will send her a valentine.

And what good do you think it will do her? asked Stacy, in surprise.

Wait till you see the kind of valentine I will send.

Wilbur went to his desk, and taking out a sheet of note paper, drew from his pocket a ten dollar bill, wrapped it in the paper, on which he had previously written, "From St. Valentine," and placed the whole in an envelope.

There, said he, my valentine has cost as much as yours, and I venture to say it will be as welcome.

You are right. I wish now I had not bought this costly trifle. However, as it is purchased I will send it.

The next day dawned clear and frosty. It was lively enough for those who sat by comfortable fires and lined at luxuriant tables, but for the poor who shared none of these advantages it was indeed a bitter day.

In an attic room, meanly furnished, sat a young girl, pale and thin. She was covered over a scanty wood fire, the best she could afford, which heated the room very insufficiently. She was sewing steadily, shivering from time to time as the cold blast shook the windows and found its way through the cracks.

Dear child! Life has a very black aspect for her on that winter day. She was alone in the world. There was absolutely no one on whom she could call for assistance, though she needed it sorely enough. The thought came to her more than once in her loneliness, "Is it worth while living any longer?" But she recoiled from the thought, she might starve to death, but she would not take the life that God had given her.

Clung in gloomy thought she continued to work. All at once a step was heard ascending the staircase which led to her room. Then there was a knock at the door. She arose in some surprise and opened it, thinking it must be the landlady or one of the servants.

She was right. It was a servant.

Here's a letter for you that the postboy just brought, Miss Morris.

A letter for me? repeated Helen Morris, in surprise, taking it from the servant's hand. Who can have written to me?

May be a valentine, Miss, said the girl, laughing. You know this is Valentine's day. More, by token, I've got two myself this morning. One's a karst (caricature), so mistress calls it. Just look at it.

Edith exhibited a highly embellished pictorial representation of a female head at work at the washbasin, the cast of beauty being decidedly Hibernian.

Helen Morris laughed absently, but did not open her letter, while Bridget remained a little to the disappointment of the curious damsel.

Helen slowly opened the envelope. A banknote for ten dollars dropped from it to the floor.

The cavity read the few words on the paper—*St. Valentine*.

Edith was pained, she said, folding her hands gratefully. This sum will enable me to carry out the plan I had in view.

Eight years passed away. Eight years with their lights and shadows, their joys and sorrows. They brought with them the merry voices of children—they brought with them new-made graves—happiness to some and grief to others.

Towards the last they brought the great commercial crisis of '57, when houses that seemed built upon a rock tottered all at once to their fall. Do not all remember that time too well, when merchants, with anxious faces, ran from one to another to solicit help, and met only averted faces and distressed looks?

And how was it in that time of universal famine with our friends—Stacy and Wilbur?

Up to 1857 they had been doing an excellent business. They had gradually enlarged the sphere of their operations, and were rapidly growing rich; when this crash came.

They immediately took in sail. Both were prudent, and both felt that this was the time when this quality was urgently needed.

By great efforts they had succeeded in keeping up till the 14th of February, 1858. On that morning a note of two thousand dollars came. This was their peril.

That surrounded, they would be able to go on with assured confidence.

But, alas! this was the rock of which they had most apprehension. They had their resources to the utmost. They had called upon their friends, but their friends were employed in taking care of themselves, and the selfish policy was the one required then.

Look out for number one superseded the golden rule for the time.

As I have said, two thousand dollars was due on the 14th of February.

How much have you got towards it? asked Wilbur, as Stacy came in at half past eleven.

Three hundred and seventy-five dollars, was the dispirited reply.

Was that all you could raise? inquired his partner turning pale.

All.

Are you sure you thought of everything? I have been everywhere, I'm fagged to death, was the weary reply of Stacy, as he sank exhausted into a chair.

Then the crash must come, said Wilbur, with a gloomy resignation.

I suppose it must.

There was silence. Neither felt inclined to say anything. For six months they had been struggling with the tide. They could see shore, but in sight of it they must go down.

At this moment a note was brought in by a boy. There was no postmark. Evidently it was a special messenger.

It was opened at once by Mr. Wilbur, to whom it was directed. It contained three few words only!

If Mr. John Wilbur will call immediately at No. 10, Fifth Avenue, he will learn something of his great advantage.

There was no signature.

John Wilbur read it with surprise, and passed it to his partner. What does it mean do you think?

I don't know, was the reply, but I advise you to go at once.

It seems to be in a feminine handwriting, said Wilbur, thoughtfully.

Yes. Don't you know any lady on Fifth Avenue?

None.

Well, it is worth noticing. We have met with a little to our advantage lately that it will be a refreshing variety.

In five minutes John Wilbur jumped into a horse car, and was on his way to No. 10, Fifth Avenue.

He walked up to the door of a magnificent brown stone house and rang the bell. He was instantly admitted, and shown in to the drawing room, superbly furnished.

He did not wait to wait long. An elegantly dressed lady, scarcely thirty, entered, and, bowing, said, You do not remember me, Mr. Wilbur?

No, madam, said he, in perplexity.

We will waive that, then, and proceed to business. How has your house borne the crisis in which so many of our large houses have gone down?

John Wilbur smiled bitterly.

We have struggled successfully till to-day, he answered. But she has come, unless we raise a certain sum of money by two, we are ruined.

What sum will save you? was the lady's question.

The note due is two thousand dollars. Towards this we have but three hundred and seventy-five.

Excuse me a moment, said his hostess. She left the room, but quickly returned.

There, said she, handing a small strip of paper to John Wilbur, is my check for two thousand dollars. You can repay it at your convenience. If you should require more, come to me again.

Madam, you have saved us, exclaimed Wilbur, springing to his feet in delight. What can have inspired you to such a benevolent interest in our prosperity?

Do you remember, Mr. Wilbur, said the lady, a certain valentine, containing a ten dollar note, which you sent to a young girl occupying an attic room in your lodging house, eight years since?

I do, distinctly. I have often wondered what became of the young girl. I think her name was Helen Morris.

She stands before you, was the quiet response.

You, Helen Morris! exclaimed Wilbur, starting back in amazement. You, surrounded with luxury.

No wonder you are surprised. Life has strange contrasts. The money which you sent me seemed to come from God. I was on the brink of despair. With it I put my wardrobe in repair, and made application for the post of companion to a wealthy lady. I fortunately obtained it. I had been with her but two years, when a gentleman in her circle, immensely wealthy, offered me his hand in marriage. I esteemed him. He was satisfied with that. I married him. A year since he died, leaving me this house and an immense fortune. I have never forgotten you, having accidentally learned that the timely success came from you. I resolved, if fortune ever put in my power, I would befriend you as you befriended me. That time has come. I have paid the first installment of my debt. Helen Estace remembers the obligations of Helen Morris.

John Wilbur advanced, and respectfully took her hand. You have nobly repaid me, he said. Will you also award me the privilege of occasionally calling upon you?

I shall be most happy, said Mrs. Estace, cordially.

John took a hurried leave, and returned to his store as the clock struck one. He showed his delighted partner the check which he had just received. I haven't time to explain, he said, this must be done by cash.

What more?

Helen Estace has again changed her name. She is now Helen Wilbur, and her husband now lives at No. 10, Fifth Avenue. And all this came of a valentine.

An Honest Deacon.

Deacon M. was an honest old codger, a kind neighbor, and a good christian, believing in the Evangelical creed to the fullest extent; but lack of a deacon would occasionally get exceedingly "mellow," and almost every Sunday at dinner, he would indulge in his favorite drink, brandy to such an extent that it was with difficulty that he reached his pew, in the broad aisle, near the pulpit between minister and the village squire's. One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he should preach a sermon touching many glaring sins so conspicuous among them; and hoped they would listen attentively, and not finish if he happened to be wrong.

The afternoon came, and the house was full. Everybody attended to hear their

neighbors "dressed down" by their minister, who after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors in a loud voice, with the question, "Where is the deacon?" A solemn pause succeeded the inquiry, when up rose deacon M. his face red from draughts of his favorite drink, and steadying himself as well as he could by the pew rail, looked up to the parson and replied in a trembling and pining voice: "Here I am." Of course a consternation in the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response; however the parson went on with his remarks as he had written them, commenting severely upon the deacon, and closing by warning him to forsake at once such evil habits if he would seek salvation and flee the coming wrath. The deacon then made a bow and seated himself.

"And now," asked the preacher in his loudest tones, "where is the hypocrite?" A pause, but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon this and that man, but the most glances seemed to be directed to the squire's pew, and indeed the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the ball was aimed, or where it should be aimed, and rising once more, leaned over his pew rail to the squire whom he had named on the squire, and this addressed him: "Come squire, why don't you get up? I did when he called on me."

(Publisher's request.)

A GOOD ONE FOR THE BUTTER-NOSES.

In the pleasant month of August, and year of '63. A lot of saucy Butter-noses stepped out to take a spree.

They chose their place for action was in the churchyard hall.

Where Van and Bill and Palmer opened out the hall.

Fred Van went in with butter-noses well fastened to his breast.

And took a seat near by the hall and beckoned to the crowd.

And as they sat they sang and prayed, asking God above.

To send them more peace! Democracy, to take a feast in love.

They listened to the minister, but him they would not heed.

He would not hush to Butter-noses, he did not like the creed.

And when they closed the interview, Van, bold and before.

Stepped out to take some cooling air, but fell upon the floor.

At this the Bill came bolting out, not knowing all the folk.

And while running through the aisle he spied a few blue coats.

His hair erect, his eyes bugged out, he made a frightful noise.

Crying: "Butter-noses be leaving here—I see Old Abraham's boys."

"Well, well," said Pam: "they have us now, I have been depending on my shanks, but here they cannot serve."

I see a guard high at the door, and more out in the hall.

So I will hide my butter-nose, and quickly I will hush.

Old Hank then came rushing up, and angry words he said.

And stood there with his heavy cane till Bennett peeled his head.

And when the blood came flowing down he pulled his coat.

And gently spoke to Alfred, saying, "I'll leave the rest for you."

Young Alfred stepped out boldly, but met a warm salute.

On young and gallant Andrew raised him in his hoarse voice.

On duty quick he started—his place was in his heels.

He crawled upon his pony and left the bloody field.

Next poor Sam came sneaking up, just frothing at the nose.

And said to one of Abraham's boys, "I'll show you how it goes."

I am a fighting Butter-nose—now whip me, if you can!

Just as he said, or you will say I slipped one Lincoln man.

At this one here peeled away and his him on the head.

His friends all anxious, looking on, and crying "He's a dead!"

But soon his blood did ebb and flow—he trusted to his heels.

Now Butter-nose, just warning take, while in your youthful days.

And keep away from Abraham's boys when in your foolish plays.

They will peel your head on every side, in church or out of doors.

And when they have no force enough, they'll call on Abe for more.

Names and Surnames.

"Frank and I had a dispute lately, uncle, with John Darling, about surnames."

He said that "Darling" was not his surname."

But what, Robert?

"Why, he said John was his surname and Darling was his own name."

His own name, Robert? What did he mean by other name? Surely he didn't mean to say that he had been christened Darling, which it must have been if John was his surname, for there are only two, Christian names and surnames."

"That's what I said, uncle. I also said that these surnames had not been a very great while in use."

"Well, they have been no great while in use in our branch of the human family, Robert. They were brought into England by the Normans, A.D. 1100."

Normans used Fitz, which signifies for grandson, as Fitzgerald, Fitzherbert, &c.

The Irish use O for grandson, as O'Neil, O'Donnell. The Scottish highlanders use Mac, Macdonald, son of Donald. The Saxons used the word son in the father's name, as Johnson, Wilson, Dickson and the like."

"And were not surnames used before these times?"

"The Greek and other ancient nations employed similar distinctions, such as Nikator, conqueror; Philopater, lover of his father; Philomater, lover of his mother, &c."

"By are such additional names called surnames, uncle?"

"Sure, the French name for over a thousand years. It is a name in addition or over and above the Christian name. The names Black, White, Ford, Snow, &c. are not surnames, but are added to the first name for some special reason. John Frost may have been born on a very frosty day. Thus Edwin may have been so called from his dark complexion, and so on."—Christian Magazine.

"Clothing! Clothing!"

WE have just opened an entirely new stock of Clothing, which we sell

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

PAID BY THE DOOR.

JOB WORK.

ALL kinds of Job Printing guaranteed to the very best manner, on short notice and most reasonable terms. AT THE OFFICE.

Not a Rum Drink!

A Highly Concentrated VEGETABLE EXTRACT:

A PURE TONIC, THAT WILL RELIEVE THE AFFLICTED, AND NOT MAKE DRUNKARDS.

Dr. Hoofland's GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WILL EFFECTUALLY AND MOST CERTAINLY CURE ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM A DISORDERED

LIVER, STOMACH, OR KIDNEYS.

Thousands of our citizens are suffering from DYSPEPSIA and LIVER DISEASES, and to whom the following questions apply—no guarantee

Hoofland's German Bitters WILL CURE THEM.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER DISEASE.

Do you rise with a coated tongue morning, with bad taste in the mouth and poor appetite for breakfast? Do you feel when you first get up so weak and languid you can scarcely get about? Do you have a distended stomach, and often feel a dull, aching pain in the stomach? Do you feel nervous, and look on the dark side of things? Are you not unusually nervous at times? Do you not become restless, and often lay in bed at night, unable to sleep? Do you feel at times as if you were full of gas? Do you feel at times as if you were full of gas? Do you feel at times as if you were full of gas?

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